

# The History of

*Prin.* Well, heere is my legge.

*Fal.* And here is my speech: stand aside, Nobility.

*Ho.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Fal.* Weepe not sweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queene;  
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as  
ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

*Harry,* I doe not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time,  
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camme-  
mile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the  
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I have  
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-  
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether  
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth  
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall  
the blessed sonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* prove  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
*Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-  
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-  
ters doe report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:  
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;  
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes  
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted  
in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, and as I think  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I  
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-  
ly given, he deceives me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks; if  
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,  
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,  
him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now, thou naughty  
varlet, tell me, where hast thou beene this month?

*Prince.*

*Hen*

*Prince.* Dost thou speake  
and i'le play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou d  
both in word and matter,  
bet-sucker, or a powlters

*Prince.* Well, heere I an

*Fal.* And heere I stand, j

*Prince.* Now Harry, wh

*Fal.* My noble Lord, fr

*Prince.* The complaints

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, t  
young Prince yfaith.

*Prin.* Swarest thou, ung  
on me, thou art violently c  
divel haunts thee in the lik  
is thy companion; why do  
humors, that boulding-hut  
of Dropxies, that huge bom  
of gutts, that roasted Manni  
belly, that reverent Vice,  
fian, that vanity in yeares?  
and drinke it? wherein nea  
and eate it? wherein cunnin  
in Villany? wherein villan  
thy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace  
meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abor  
that old white-bearded Sa

*Fal.* My Lord, the man i

*Fal.* But to say, I know  
were to say more then I kn  
ty) his white haire do wit  
reverence) a whoremaster  
Sugar be a fault, God help  
be a sin, then many an old  
fatte, be to be hated, then  
No, my good Lord, banish